

Carcinogenic Blues

In my mother's womb
I married death
they say

particles sped by
air got her
& are getting me,

benign, overweight I
am being

roundly poisoned, the
very language too

engorged with the burlesque
patter of toxic propositions

to any & all
survivors. I had thought
to play it out

fitfully, a last speech
flaunting high things.

Wrong on all counts & move RIGHT
along says the Chemical Cop.